The Best Cortigiana Onestà in All of Florence?: Arte and Veronica Get It On

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The Best Cortigiana Onestà in All of Florence?: Arte and Veronica Get It On

by lefemmerougensfw

Summary

Arte comes to Veronica's mansion. She's told to arrive there so she can paint a new portrait. What she experiences that day changes their friendship in ways than neither one had intended, especially after the cortigiana promises to fulfill her long-held sexual desires, something she had been keeping deep down inside her, something she never dared express before now...

Notes

I started writing this fic in late June and finished it today. My original plan was for the fic to coincide with the October 12 prompt for Kinktober which is: "Sex Work – Kneeling – Sissification." I decided to choose sex work here, but there will be some kneeling as well. However, I decided to publish it before October 12th, hence its publication here today. I wanted to pull in elements from fics mentioning Veronica and Arte, and focus on one of my favorite (and underrated) series, Arte. After reading the manga and watching the series, I feel, without a doubt, that there *was* something between Arte and the cortigiana (Veronica). Only one fic so far, entitled "My cortigana" explored this. As such, it is a bit of an inspiration. Other fics only mentioned her as a character here and there. I plan to hopefully be involved in Kinktober next year and will post fics for other challenges this year.

For the purpose of this fic, I've aged up Arte to age 18, rather than age 16, as it says on the fandom page for her.

This fic has been cross-posted on Squidge World, Asian Fanfics (you have to say you are over 18 years old to read it), and Adult Fanfiction.

Update #1:: Updated and improved on 11/23/25.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Sex Work is Work by Kate Sloan
- Inspired by Hands of the Masters by Nikityavka
- Inspired by Руки Мастеров by Nikityavka
- Inspired by LeoArte Drabble Collection by Mika_fa
- Inspired by How to Squirt by Kate Sloan

- Inspired by How to Become a Cunnilingus Master by Vanessa Marin (for Lifehacker)
- Inspired by The Importance of Aftercare by Ryn Pfeuffer (for Kinkly)
- Inspired by D-Types Need Love Too: Aftercare Tips for Dominants by Marla Stewart (for Kinkly)
- Inspired by Instant Analysis: Arte by Helen (for The Osag)
- Inspired by Resilience and Resistance: Reimagining marginality and agency in The Apothecary Diaries by Vedanti Hindurao (for Anime Feminist)
- Inspired by Arte Ep. 4: Life lessons from a prostitute by Moe Sucks
- Inspired by Arte Episode 4 by Rebecca Silverman (for Anime News Network)
- Inspired by Arte Episode 5 by Rebecca Silverman (for Anime News Network)
- Inspired by Arte Episode 7 by Rebecca Silverman (for Anime News Network)
- Inspired by The "Honest Courtesan", Free Woman of the Renaissance. An exploration of the sociocultural construction of la cortigiana onesta. by Colin Wealleans
- Inspired by Life Imitates Myth: The Renaissance Cortigiana by Signora Giata Alberti
- Inspired by Veronica Franco's Terze Rime: the Venetian Courtesan's Defense by Margaret F. Rosenthal
- Inspired by Women in Renaissance Italy by Anna
- Inspired by Arte Episode #12 by Benigmatica (for The Anime Rambler)

Veronica had a dashing idea for Arte. Sitting in her study, dressed in her finest clothes, and looking out the window, with her light curly and golden blonde hair shining in the sun, this modest, yet elegant and busty, woman thought of something so devious right then and there. This girl painter wanted to experience the world, *right*? Why not paint something racy, something that would really challenge her? She told her maid to inform Arte that she had a portrait she wanted painted. It would be a portrait of herself in her study. The maid bowed. "It will be done right away Miss Veronica," she said, then closed the door. This would be an experience that Arte would never forget. It would stick with her for years to come. Veronica would make sure of it.

Arte was puzzled. She did not know what kind of portrait Veronica would want, considering she'd already painted a portrait of her. She had always found the woman beautiful, cultured, and amazing. She was continually enchanted by her elegant manners and gestures, her smartness and intelligence. She'd almost forgot, then reminded herself, that Veronica was a cortigiana onestà. The woman was demanding. She was nervous to sketch her. But encouraging smiles from her, while she read a book, helped calm her anxieties. As time went on, she gained more profound and mature sympathy for her. However, she later learned that Veronica's profession had a *dark side*. After that, she no longer idealized her. More specifically, she *hated* the way that this cortigiana onestà treated her clients.

She knew that although Veronica accompanied men for money, she had a key role in Florence's nobility and held a high societal position. As the salon's mistress, she held conversations with any guests about politics, science, and art. Sometimes, she sang or played musical instruments, her delicate fingers fluttering across a harpsichord or majestically playing the lute. Through it all, the woman remained captivating, whether her personality, or her short messy bangs. Arte even panted her with a book in her hands, showing how learned she was. She was often drawn to this woman's rusty yellow eyes.

Veronica was more than a "luxury" and high-class cortigiana onestà within Florence, a person some would call a "prostitute," a sex worker, or a call girl. She could be cruel to be kind, but she also had a heart of gold. She had connections with prominent Florentines, causing her to have undeniable power. She had certain societal recognition and public visibility that others didn’t. Her mansion, including the library room, was where she could perform. She showed how much she knew. It was a place she could dominate and be powerful. This influence allowed her to command respect that others could not.

At the same time, Arte appreciated the fact that she remained friends with her. She felt immensely grateful that this woman was so nice to her. The woman had been very pleased at the portrait she had completed for her and used it to help bring in clients. She often praised Arte openly to her salon's visitors. This benefited the workshop that Arte shared with Leo and often brought them additional clients. As such, Arte never wanted to make it seem that she was flirting with her friend, or anything like that. After all, Veronica had helped her more times than she could count.

All of this made it no surprise that Arte rushed over to the mansion, at full speed, wanting to see her charming friend (and client) *again*. Before leaving, she gathered all her necessary supplies to begin a sketch, the first step of a portrait. Veronica was waiting. She was glad that

she didn't have any clients right now. That made it all the easier. She'd planned for it, blocking off a specific time just so she and Arte could be in the room, together and alone. Arte had no idea about Veronica's scheme.

Trying to catch her breath, she kept panting as she made her way to the mansion. Somehow, she ended up at the mansion's gates in record time without dropping anything or losing any supplies. She was happy to see Veronica again, although she was unaware what was in store with her. How could she? Knocking on the huge, imposing door, a maid happily opened it. She declared, "Miss Veronica has been expecting you, Miss Arte. I will lead you to the salon." After she nodded, the maid brought her inside and shut the door behind her, then guided her up the stairs. Arte worked to compose herself prior to her arrival at the salon. She was excited to see her again, although she didn't know why she wanted a portrait again. What was *wrong* with her earlier one?

The maid stopped Arte so she didn't take any further steps. She gently knocked on the salon door. "Milady, Miss Arte is here." Veronica happily chirped. She had *finally* come. Now her plan could go into action. "Thank you. Please send her in." The maid opened the door and brought Arte inside, then closed it behind her. There was strict policy that the door would never be opened while one of her *sessions* was going on. This was one of them. Arte entered as she marveled at the books around her. This was such a comfortable place to be.

"Miss Veronica, how great it is to see you today," Arte began. She bowed, then wiped the sweat from her forehead. The cortigiana onestà looked concerned. She always worried about her friend's well-being. "Did you run here or something? You are *covered* in sweat." Arte blushed, clearly embarrassed, even though she knew this would come up. She didn't want to admit it, but she really wanted to see this cultured woman. She *wanted* to be in her presence. "I heard you wanted me to do a portrait, so I rushed over here."

Veronica laughed. This girl painter had run across town just to see *her*. Perhaps she didn't need to tease her so much then. She decided to do so anyway. "Oh my, she said, leaning back in her chair, exhaling, preparing for what she was about to do. It was a bit awkward for *how* she would introduce it. She wanted Arte to be prepared for anything in the world, including this. So, she didn't mind messing with her. Taking a deep breath, she decided to pose the question. If she had to backpedal, she would, but she *hoped* this would work. She was prepared for whatever came next.

"I'd like you to paint me nude," the cortigiana onestà said. Arte was taken aback. Is *this* why she had called her there? This woman wasn't making a move on her, right? She awkwardly squirmed, unsure if she should move closer or further away. Why in the world would she want a painting like that? Who would even want it? She tried to ask her gently. "So, Miss Veronica, *why* do you want me to do this? You should have a male painter in here, instead. They are *much more* skilled than me..." she said, feeling down on herself. Veronica was a bit amused but also concerned. She had to set the record straight.

"I don't want those men. I specifically asked for *you,* Miss Arte, because I want you to get some practice at this," she said, her voice booming. She then added, "a woman painting another woman *is different* than if a man does it." Smiling in an attempt to make Arte more relaxed, she did her best to help her through this. Arte took the hint. Still nervous about it, she

moved closer to her friend (and client). She whispered softly into her friend's ear, "I'll do it...but be warned, I don't have practice with this kind of thing." Veronica sympathetically smiled back. She drummed her fingers tensely on her lips. She got up from her chair and locked the door of the library salon/study from the inside with a metal key. *No one* would be entering to disturb them.

"Well, I suppose we can begin," Veronica said, removing her lush robe in one fell swoop, revealing her naked body. She walked to a nearby coach, on the other side of the room, and laid majestically across it. Arte was amazed. She'd never seen another woman in the nude in her *entire life*. She began sketching furiously, trying to get every detail right, whether her curly golden blonde hair, her short messy bangs, her rusty yellow eyes, the beauty mark under her right eye, or her alabaster white skin. She wanted to get her good nature down on paper. She was engrossed in getting everything down with her drawing pencil. She'd paint in the details later. At one point she looked up. The cortigiana onestà wasn't on the couch! She didn't see her and she found that odd.

She didn't have a chance to look around more. As she continued sketching the couch, Veronica snuck behind her. Suddenly, Veronica began gently touching her arm, giving her a fright, and then tussled her blonde hair, putting on her typical charm. She turned around. She saw this naked woman standing only *inches away* from her. It was enough when she was across the room, but to be... *this close*! It was too much! She wasn't sure about this. She had to be firm. "Miss Veronica, *please* go back to the couch. I haven't finished my sketch yet."

The cortigiana onestà smirked. She wanted to make her flustered. "Oh, I will, I just wanted to get a rise out of you. Who wouldn't want to do that with such a *cute girl*?" She knew this would get to her. After all, on some level, she had always seen her as a good-natured person, maybe even a bit motherly in certain respects.

A blush spread across Arte's face, which soon looked as red as a ripe tomato ready to be plucked from a vine. This woman was calling *her* cute? She looked at her intensely, not sure what she would do with herself. Not saying anything in response, Veronica returned to her couch. "Fine, Miss Arte. I'll go back to the couch." She was clearly a bit annoyed, although Arte wasn't exactly sure why. Had she done something wrong? Even so, she had a certain beauty to her. After a short while, she had finally finished the sketch. She breathed a sigh of relief. She looked at the couch again. Once again, Veronica had disappeared. She didn't know where she'd gone. Scanning the area in front of her and around her, she didn't see her. Why was this woman messing with her like this?

She felt something tugging on her dress and looked down. The cortigiana onestà was *right there*! She teased her again. "My my, you are quite wet down there, *did I* do that?" Arte couldn't stop herself from blushing uncontrollably, once more. What in the world was Miss Veronica doing there? Why did she keep doing this? Arte didn't know what to tell her. Could she admit that every time she saw her, this woman turned her on? That she had always felt something for her, but never admitted it? She couldn't say that, *right*? Would that be the proper thing to say?

"Miss Veronica, what in the world are you doing?" Arte asked, genuinely wanting an answer. Veronica shrugged, then looked straight at her, making her even more nervous. She remained

silent, then brought her naked body closer to Arte, unnerving her even more. She saw her friend's beautiful lips in front of her. Moving a little back, she chuckled, while stroking Arte's hand. "I wanted to see if you were turned on by me," she admitted matter-of-factly. Arte was dumbfounded. What could she say to her? Was this some kind of test? Should she be honest... or lie? She began considering her options.

"I...uh...feel...um... " she started to say, still trying to take it all in, until Veronica ran a finger along part of Arte's leg. Caught off guard by this, she felt something dripping down her leg. It wasn't pee. It was something else, some other liquid. The cortigiana onestà noticed it immediately and chuckled, humiliating Arte even more. She knew *exactly* how Arte felt about her. She teased her about it.

"I never expected you to cum for me...and *this soon*. I haven't even done *anything* to you yet." Arte continued blushing as her cheeks began flushing more and more as every second passed. She definitely couldn't paint anything more in this state. Her brain was going in far too many directions. She had to deal with this feeling. That was the priority.

She protested. "Miss Veronica, please stop teasing me! I don't know how I feel about you, but something in my body gets warm when you are around, that's all I know!" she declared, clearly mortified.

Veronica snickered. "Oh my, how adorable you are, *so innocent* to the ways of the world." She proceeded to gently hug her, endlessly fascinated at how Arte was acting. More white liquids of desire went down her legs. She didn't know what to do with herself. Nothing like this had ever happened to her.

"Miss Veronica," she began, looking at the cortigiana onestà with confused eyes, "how I make it stop? I feel like there's something inside me that wants to get out...something I need to..." Veronica interrupted her, filling in her words, "release." She then added, "You are gonna have to orgasm. Would you like me to *help you*?"

Arte felt nervous even asking her for this. Wasn't she acting like just another client? Did she really want to do this? Was it right to do this with a friend? Was she going too far? Should she *really* do this?

Against her better judgment, she said, as her cheeks became much redder, "Yes, Miss Veronica, *please* help me." She couldn't believe she just said that! What had she done! Maybe she should try and take it back, she thought. That idea quickly left her mind. Veronica smiled. She hadn't expected this day would go this way, but she was willing to embrace it.

She wanted to give Arte this experience. It was the least she could do for her. "Okay, Miss Arte, you are gonna have to take off your clothes." She didn't expect to hear...*that*. She didn't want to do it! She'd never done that in front of anyone, especially not in front a woman that *she liked*. She hesitated. She would be so vulnerable. She couldn't do that. She couldn't bear herself to her friend like this, right?

Veronica explained. "If you leave them on, they are gonna be soiled. I can tell you that. It will be better if you *take them off*." Arte begrudgingly agreed. If this woman could help her with this feeling, what would the harm be? Maybe this wouldn't be a bad thing... after all. Veronica

could help her and that would be good. Her face as red as a velvet cushion she said, "okay, but don't look at me too hard, Miss Veronica. I'm really nervous about this. I've never done anything like it in my entire life."

Her clothes soon fell onto the floor into a pile, with the two naked women facing one another. Arte was still clearly embarrassed, although the cortigiana onestà was not. She was focused and determined. She'd had sessions with men and women in the past. There was no blush on her face. She smiled happily. "I'll help you release...just be ready for it."

Arte didn't know what she meant. Without giving her a heads up, Veronica's fingers slowly danced around her bush, then slowly moved around the edge of her tunnel of love. She put her one finger inside, causing cum to trickle down Arte's legs at an increasing pace. Arte could tell that she really knew what she was doing. She was truly an expert in pleasure-making.

"Miss Veronica, that feels *so good*," she said, between her moaning. She couldn't get over this feeling. What was it? Love? Pleasure? Or a combination of both? The cortigiana onestà increased the pace of her fingers pumping into Arte's garden of love, bit by bit. As she did so, Arte could feel a certain pleasant sensation, something she'd never felt in her life. Without any warning, her sweet liquids of desire sprayed out of her herring's eye like a water fountain starting up, or a spigot being turned on. She couldn't believe she had done that.

Only seconds after, she experienced an orgasm, and pleasure washed over her. She felt a sense of relief when it ended. Veronica's orgasm followed as her heavy breathing began to return to normal. She was forceful as a cortigiana onestà. Even so, ensuring her clients consented was *key.* She didn't want to injure them or anything. So, she *had* to know if this woman wanted to go further or not.

"Miss Arte, do you want to keep going or...do you want to stop and do something else?" The blonde-haired painter pondered the question. Did she want to continue feeling good? Or was this enough? While remaining shamefaced and completely embarrassed, she could hardly admit what she was about to say. Could she really tell her friend that she wanted this to go on? She wasn't sure.

Meekly she replied. "I want you to *keep* pleasuring me, at least for *a little* longer." Veronica was surprised. She had expected Arte would tell her to stop. Smiling happily, the cortigiana onestà was *more than happy* to continue. Even so, she needed the full and express consent for what she was about to do. She had to make sure that it was okay. Some women weren't comfortable with this sort of thing.

"I'd like to suck on your pussy. Can I do that? Is that okay with you?" Arte felt sensations caused by the woman, whom she had a crush on, coursing through her body. The woman had placed her fingers inside one of the most sensitive parts of her body. Even so, she wasn't sure if she wanted it more stimulated than it was already, or not. However, this woman was *an expert* in this, right? Maybe she should ask her advice. It was worth a try. "I'm not sure, Miss Veronica. From *your* experience, does it feel good?"

The cortigiana onestà wasn't sure how to answer this question from such a beautiful young female artist. No one had ever asked her before. Women responded to someone sucking on

their garden of desire differently. Some didn't like being the center of intention. Others couldn't relax while it happened. Hypercritical views of their own bodies were pushed onto them by society. "Miss Arte, it's up to you. I'll go slow and be sure to help you feel at ease. I will say I found it one of the most pleasurable things I've *ever* experienced in my entire life," the cortigiana onestà said.

Arte mulled it over. If she did this, there would be no turning back. She could be completely undone by this. It might rupture their friendship. Every time she'd think of Veronica, she'd think of *this*. On the other hand, what woman, apart from Veronica, would *ever* do this with her? When would she ever get the chance?. A bit embarrassed to admit it, she said, while a blush filled her entire face, "Okay, Miss Veronica. You can do it. I'll be in your care." The cortigiana onestà directed her to the nearby couch, the *same one* she had sat on for her painting. She told her to open her legs and expose them. Arte complied, believing, based on what she knew, that this woman was skilled in *this form* of art and beauty. Her assessment was completely right.

Veronica began by planting kisses on Arte's chest, then stomach, moving slowly toward her garden of desire, making her even more excited. Her breathing and heart rate began to rapidly increase. She then continued down Arte's body, planting smooches on her legs, inside and out, and slowly brought the legs together. As the heat in this part of her body increased, she could feel herself getting more sexually excited, with some small moans coming out of her mouth. After doing this for about ten minutes, Veronica was ready.

She began licking around the outside of Arte's special place, teasing the edges, spreading the clit apart with two of her fingers, and brought her tongue inside. She interspersed this with several finger strokes. Arte felt herself getting more aroused. Veronica brought this to another level, using her long index finger in tandem with her tongue, causing louder and louder moans from the young painter, as she moved closer and closer to her g-spot. With her other hand, she touched Arte's exposed breasts, squeezing her nipples. She proceeded to caress her stomach to put her even more in the mood.

"Aaaaaah! Miss Veronica, that feels *so good!*" she exclaimed, repeating what she had said earlier. There was even more force this time as moans ripped through her body. She couldn't control them coming out, especially when the cortigiana onestà began lightly sucking on her lady garden, then putting her tongue deep inside, as she massaged the g-spot, and the rest of the clit. This undid Arte. As she began to climax, Veronica continued to hold her legs together. A deep guttural moan came out of her throat as she felt herself release. While her sweet liquids didn't come out in the same way as earlier, she did spray her cum upon the cortigiana onestà's face, humiliating her even more. She couldn't believe what just did. How could she go on from this?

Her breathing began to go back to normal. Arte's clit was extremely sensitive after orgasming like this, meaning that she could have done more. The woman painter put up her hands in surrender. "That's enough, Miss Veronica. I'm spent." The cortigiana onestà understood. She would never go against the desires of a client, especially not someone like her, someone she saw as her friend. She got up and began wiping down her legs and body so there wasn't any fluid anywhere. She offered a towel to Arte, so she could do the same. She accepted the offer. She didn't want this kind of thing to stain her clothes. If Leo ever found out she did this, or

worse, any of her clients, it could be a scandal, despite Florentine society somewhat accepting homosexuality.

After they had cleaned themselves up, Veronica offered her clean undergarments, which she accepted. She offered to have the pair covered in her love juices washed, so no one would suspect anything. Arte was fine with that. In no time at all, they dressed themselves. After they were fully clothed again, each one sat at one of the wooden tables inside of the library study, closer to all the books, and across from one another. The cortigiana onestà had to know. Some practiced aftercare following their sexual encounters. It could involve holding hands affectionately, gently touching one another, bathing together, leaving each other alone, or the like. Instead, she wanted to talk to her, to affirm what she did right or wrong. It was a time for critique.

"So, Miss Arte, how was it? What did you think about what I did today with you... during our session." Breathing deeply, she tried to compose herself the best she could. She knew that this was her friend's profession, her livelihood. She lived to pleasure others, to fulfill their desires, and fulfill her own, even if this could be difficult. She wanted to celebrate a little bit. "It was...*divine,* Miss Veronica. I loved it when you sucked on my pussy. I felt completely alive... and the placing your fingers inside... I-I-I felt so many things I never had experienced in my life ...I'm grateful for that."

The cortigiana onestà grinned. She hoped this didn't mean that Arte had feelings for her. That would be bad. "Well, don't fall in love with me, now? That would make things *complicated.*" Arte didn't know how to respond. How could she? She didn't want to lose their friendship. On the other hand, she wanted to be honest. "I don't know Miss Veronica... my feelings are all mixed up right now... but I can say I've always thought you were beautiful and amazing. I look forward to coming here, to your salon every time, even if I am a little nervous." She added, about to hold back her words. She decided she'd make one more admission. It wouldn't be bad, right? "I've even dreamed about you, Miss Veronica... and will never forget your face... no matter what."

Veronica sighed. She couldn't have romantic feelings with her clients. Arte was somehow *different*. She felt like she could be a little more open to her. At the same time, she didn't want to lose their friendship. "I'm not in love with you," she began, then said, "I'm *still* willing to help you... because I'm a nice person... to *prepare you* for the outside world." This was a bit confusing for Arte. The cortigiana onestà wanted to assist her but wasn't in love with her? How? Perhaps she'd do what she'd always done? What if this shattered their friendship into a thousand pieces?

"Well...that's fine, Miss Veronica, as long as you help me deal with *these urges* from time to time." The cortigiana onestà wasn't sure exactly what she meant, so Arte clarified. She didn't even want to say it. But she felt that she had to. "I *loved* what you did to me today...and I want to it again sometime...under different circumstances." The cortigiana onestà sighed. What was she going to do with this girl? She couldn't just tell her to bury her feelings deep down inside, right? That would be wrong. "Just remember, if you want to succeed in this world, *you mustn't* fall in love. It's a poison you can't get out of you...I don't want you to be hurt like I was... let's just remain friends and only that."

Arte understood what she was saying. This was a man's world. Veronica had more freedom, even in this patriarchal world. She didn't want that taken away. Even so, she wanted this to end on a good note. Taking a deep breath, she wanted to make her intentions clear. She didn't want this to end their friendship. She couldn't let that happen. Even so, perhaps it was time to let go. Perhaps she had to move on and let Veronica go her own thing, *without* her. "I get what you are saying, Miss Veronica... I don't want to cause any trouble for you. I'll leave right now and not contact you again... this will be the end."

The cortigiana onestà hugged her tightly and patted her on the head. She didn't want to hurt her. She wanted to be as nice as she could. She firmly held Arte's hand. She couldn't let her run away, not like this. "Miss Arte, *please* don't be offended. Heartbreak is just the worst feeling. I want to keep that away from you." Still holding the hand of the woman painter, she pleaded with her. "Can you please stay, just for *a little* while? We can have some drinks and food together. I'll get the servants to whip up something for us."

Thinking it over, Arte sat down and slumped on the couch. She couldn't go anywhere in this state anyhow. She needed some more energy prior to her return to the workshop. "Okay, as long as we don't do anything like what you did today. I can't take *that much* excitement in one day... let's remain friends." Veronica grinned. Perhaps they would be able to salvage their friendship after all. As the hours went on, they continued chatting, talking to their heart's content about almost everything they could think of, clearly enjoying one another's company. She even praised the sketch, describing it as *really good*, which made the painter's face immediately brighten up. She loved when people praised her art.

As the hours passed and the sun started setting, Arte got up. "I have to go, Miss Veronica. I need to get back to the workshop... I don't want it to be... too late... Leo will be worried." The cortigiana onestà smiled. Their time together would be at an end, at least for that day. She bowed toward her painter friend. "Thank you for coming here, Miss Arte. I hope we can have *another session* at sometime this week." Her friend smiled. "Yes, I'd like that. Have a good night!" She left in a carriage that Veronica had arranged, traveling en route back to the workshop.

In no time at all, she made her way to the workshop. Leo was working late on some commission he had gotten from a Florentine noble. Yet another religious work to adorn the side of a church wall, which was common in those days. "Arte, how was your time with Veronica... was it productive?" Hiding her feelings well, she smiled happily. She acted giddy. "Yes, it was, Master Leo. I learned *so many things* from her. I'm confident will I finish the commission without issue." He nodded. She proceeded to go up to her shack on the roof, which she had built on her own. She fell onto her bed, exhausted.

She put her hands over her face, covering her blush. *Why in the world did I agree to that*? she asked herself. She kept running through what happened that day in her mind. How could they ever go back to normal? She was committed to steeling herself. She'd never let herself fall victim to her desire like that again. She couldn't let her friendship with Veronica be ruined. Even so, she had to admit that she *liked* what the cortigiana onestà had done to her. She undoubtedly felt *something* for her. She wasn't sure whether it was love, admiration, appreciation, or a combination of all three.

Almost simultaneously, Veronica was lying on her bed, looking up at the top of her majestic wooden bed frame. She couldn't believe what she had done with her dearest friend. For all her talk about not falling in love, what could she say for herself? She had put her fingers inside her friend's personal garden of desire and sucked on it with her mouth. She'd fondled her breasts and kissed across her body. Putting her hands on her face, she came to a realization. *I think I'm in love with her*. She couldn't believe she was even thinking that. What would be the consequences?

As they both laid in their respective beds, there was no doubt that their lives would be forever altered by what they had done. It would change them in ways that neither one could ever imagine...

End Notes

The fics "Chamomile", the third chapter of the Russian-language fic (the Russian original was later translated into "Hands of the Masters" which is another inspiration for this fic), "Flos vomitus", and "Study III: Imprimatura" were influences/inspirations. Since they aren't mature or explicit fics, I didn't want to add them to the inspirations section. I originally was going to rate this fic mature because the sex scene itself was relatively short. I later decided to change the rating to explicit since Arte has two orgasms and sprays out her sweet love liquids in the process either from vaginal fingering or cunnilingus. I found a discussion online when looking for slang names for the urethra, including a discussion on Reddit about it. Many possible slang names were noted, particularly: Herring's eye (the one I used), bird, fish, Japs eye, Wee Willie Winkie, Cock Nostril, broken arrow, Oriental Oculus, Third Eye, Dussy, Golden Eye, Winky Hole, Steven, Hog's eye, Yogurt slinger, Moon crater, Snake eye, Cyclops, Caldera, Sounding hole, and the London eye. Some other slang for the urethra is noted here.

The Arte fandom page on Veronica was helpful, as were the pages on Veronica Franco, a well-known courtesan from Venice, from the Art Historian Reader, USC and Medievalists.

Works inspired by this one

"Shattering the Silence": Royal Insecurities, Raps' Decision, Cass the Madam, and a Curious Bordello by lefemmerougensfw

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